

After Death

by K.L.H.

Cleansing rain falls from the sky
To dampen Earth's hard crust,
Soaking dormant seeds of life,
Nestled in the dust.

Growing shoots as life begins,
Heaven; Hell they're bound,
Reaching for the source of life,
To grasp once it is found.

Away from evil dicots roam,
Cleansing is the rain,
Peering through the loam and dirt,
Light begins to strain.

Brightening the sky is life,
Yet viewing from dense earth,
Endless brilliant colors soar;
Reason for rebirth.

